Numb. XCVI.

THE Pennſylvania GAZETTE.

Containing the freſheſt Advices Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Thurſday, September 10. to Thurſday, September 17. 1730.

Ne'er uſe a LIE,
The Fault that needs it moſt, grows two thereby.
Herbert.

The HISTORY *of* SADDYQ, *Maſter of the Horſe.*

TOGALTIMUR-CAN King of *Tartary*, was one Day told, that he had a Man in his Dominions, who was ſuch an utter Enemy to a Lie, that he always ſpoke Truth. The King deſired to have him near him, to which End he beſtow'd upon him the Charge of Maſter of the Horſe. A Courtier of ſuch a new Character ſoon had ſeveral Enviers, who ſpar[illegible] no Endeavours to ruin him. But the King, who was not a Prince that would ſuffer himſelf to be prejudiced, but would judge of Things himſelf, try'd his Maſter of the Horſe on ſeveral Occaſions, and alwas found him ſo frank and ſincere, that he beſtow'd on him the Sirname of *Saddyq* *.

Of all *Saddyq*'s Enemies, none was ſo ſtrongly bent on his Ruin as the Viſier *Tangribirdi*: There was no Contrivance which he had not made uſe of to render him odious to *Togaltimur*; and not being able to compaſs his End, he one Day thus expreſſed his Chagrin to his Daughter *Hoſchendan* †: *How unhappy am I, who have occaſion'd the Diſgrace of a Thouſand old Courtiers, and cannot ruin a Man ſcarcely yet ſettled at Court!* Saddyq *triumphs over all my Efforts to ruin his Fortune.*

Hoſchendan, who was not leſs malicious than the Viſier, inſtead of perſuading him to give over croſſing the Fortune of *Saddyq*, ſays to him, *O my Father, ceaſe to afflict yourſelf; if you would abſolutely remove* Saddyq *from the King's Favour, you need only allow me to do it. Ah! my Daughter*, reply'd the Viſier, *how will you attack him? Ask me no Queſtions, my Lord*, returned ſhe; *let me only go to the Maſter of the Horſe, and I promiſe you to make him lie before the King. Do whatever you pleaſe*, ſaid the Viſier, tranſported with Hatred, *I give you all poſſible Liberty; and provided that you do but keep your Word, I care not what it coſts me.*

Hoſchendan now thought of nothing but preparing herſelf for the Execution of the Project ſhe had form'd; ſhe puts on her richeſt Dreſſes, ſhe adorns herſelf with all her Jewels, ſhe tinctures her Eye-brows with * *Veſme*, and her Eyes with † *Surme*; nor did ſhe forget to rub over her Hands with || *Cna*. In ſhort, after having added to her natural Beauty all the Charms which Art could adminiſter, ſhe one Night went from her Father's Houſe, accompanied by ſeveral Slaves who guarded her to the Houſe of the Maſter of the Horſe: When ſhe came thither ſhe ſent back her Slaves, and knock'd at the Door; which being open'd, ſhe deſir'd to ſpeak with *Saddyq* upon an important Affair: She was invited to come in, and being led into his Apartment, ſhe found him ſitting on a Sopha; after Salutation ſhe approach'd him, lifted up the Veil which cover'd her Face, and ſeated herſelf on the ſame Sopha, without ſpeaking one Word.

Saddyq, who had never ſeen, or even dreamt of ſuch a charming Creature, was ſo ſenſibly touch'd, that his Surprize render'd him immoveable. The Lady, who came thither for no other Reaſon than to allure him to Love, uſed all poſſible Means to ſucceed: She play'd a Hundred little Arts at him; and when ſhe was perſuaded that he was wrought up to that Pitch as to do any Thing to deſerve her Favours, ſhe broke Silence in theſe Words: O Saddyq! *don't be ſurpriz'd to ſee a Lady who loves you to come to you this Night; I am willing to entertain kind Thoughts of you, but firſt you muſt grant me the Favour which I have to ask of you. Soul of my Soul!* cry'd the Maſter of the Horſe, tranſported with Love; *you need only ſpeak: How can I refuſe thoſe powerful Charms which have enflam'd me? Command your Slave. What is it you demand of him? I deſire*, anſwers

* That is, True. † *Hoſchendan*, in the *Perſian* Language, is Fine Shape.

* *Veſme* is the *Indigo* of *Agra* uſed without Mixture, and is conſequently black. † *Surme* is prepared *Antimony*. || *Cna* in *Turkiſh*, and *Henna* in *Arabick*, is a Sort of *Indian* and *Arabian Filaria* that yields a red Fruit, which being dried is ground.

Hoſchendan,

Hoschendan to commit a small Debauch with you I passionately long to eat a Bit of Horse-*flesh, wherefore you must immediately cut the Throat of the fattest Horse in the King's Stables; the Liver and Heart of which we will order to be roasted, and eat it together. Charming Lady!* reply'd *Saddyq, ask rather my Life, and I will give it; but Duty obliges me to a particular Regard to whatever belongs to my Master. Let us therefore defer that 'till to Morrow, and I will buy a Horse as fat as Bacon, and we will regale ourselves like Princes. No, no,* return'd *Hoschendan, I long for a Bit of one of the King's Horses; it is a whimsical Fancy which has seiz'd me, and must be gratify'd in order to make me easy. I cannot resolve,* reply'd the Master of the Horse; *I too well love the King my Master to give him the least Uneasiness; besides, I shall not be able to anger him with Impunity. If I should be so weak as to yield to your Desire, I am sure he would not fail to punish me. You have nothing to fear* says *Hoschendan; if the King should ask you what is become of the Horse, you need only say, that finding him sick, and past all hopes of Recovery, you thought fit to kill him, lest his Disease should infect others. The King, who has surnam'd you* Saddyq *by way of Excellence, will believe you upon your Word, and at the same Time commend your Prudence.*

These Words perfectly shock'd the Master of the Horse. *What shall I do?* says he to himself: *My Duty to the King, and fear of Punishment, stop me on the one Side; and the bright Charms of that Face hurry me on on the other.* *Hoschendan,* perceiving him to hesitate, renew'd her entreaties, and accompany'd them with such warm Caresses, that he at last consented. They both went into the King's Stables, when *Hoschendan* said to *Saddyq, O my Prince! since you have granted me this Favour, to compleat it, pray cut the Throat of that black Horse which I see separated from the rest. O my Queen! my Sultana!* cry'd *Saddyq, what have you ventur'd to ask? You put my Love to too severe a Trial; for this black Horse is valu'd by the King above all the rest, and it is impossible for me to gratify you: Chuse one of the others and I will cut his Throat immediately, which is all that I can justly do for you, or rather it is all that you ought to expect from my Complacence.* The Lady was not discouraged; but on the contrary, throwing her Arms about *Saddyq*'s Neck, *O my King!* says she, *my Dear, I conjure you don't deny my Request: I am sensible that the Proof of your Affection, which I exact, does in a Sort wound your Duty; but Women are whimsical and fantastical, and when they passionately desire a Thing, they absolutely resolve to obtain it: Indulge then my Caprices a little; I will love you more than my Life, if you do what I expect of you.*

She accompany'd these Words with so many Marks of Tenderness, and so much Warmth, that *Saddyq* could not resist, but himself took a knife and cut the throat of the black Horse; he

* Horse-flesh, as well as Mare's Milk, are fashionable Dishes in *Tartary.*

[illegible] and eat it in his Chamber with *Hoschendan,* who in Requital stay'd with him all Night; but at break of Day she took leave of him and went to her Father, who made acquainted with all that had passed. The Visier was so transported at this Success, that without considering how dear it cost his Daughter to act the Part she had done, he rose and went to the Palace, and told the King the Adventure; but carefully avoided telling that *Hoschendan* was the Lady in question, or that it was to serve his Hate and Jealousy that she ventur'd to try the Integrity of the Master of the Horse.

By that Time the Visier *Tangribirdi,* had told this Story to the King, with all the Malice of a Courtier bent on the Destruction of his Enemy; the Master of the Horse, being return'd to himself, was making very bitter Reflections on his past Night's amorous Pleasures. *How foolish are Men,* said he, *to yield themselves with so much Precipitation to their Passions! I had done much better to have sent the Lady away with a Refusal, than to cut the Throat of a Horse which the King my Master was extreamly delighted with, to please her. I should not then have been afflicted with those torturing Thoughts which at present disturb my Rest. Alas! To what am I changing? What shall I say to the King, when he asks me for his Horse? I that hitherto have made it a Law to myself to speak the Truth, shall I borrow the Assistance of a Lie? shall I dare to lie in the Face of Kings? That would be to add a new Crime to that which I have committed. On the other Side, if I honestly confess it, my Sincerity will cost me my Life. Which way ought I to determine to follow then? To lie? Well, suppose it should be so. Imagine then that I go to the Palace,* continues he, taking his Cap off his Head, and laying it upon the Ground; *and suppose that my Cap was* Togaltimur: *Let us see whether I should have the Assurance to say a Falsity before a King. I salute him at my Entrance.* Saddyq, *says he, go saddle my fine black Horse, I intend to mount him to Day. Sir, an Accident has happen'd to him; yesterday Night he would not eat any Feed whatsoever that was offer'd him; and at Midnight he died, of what I cannot tell. How! my black Horse, which was so well yesterday, dead? Wherefore should it be him above so many others in the same Stable? What a Story have you told me? Be gone, thou art a Liar. Thou hast sold my Horse to some Stranger, who this Night hath carried him off for his own Country; or perhaps thou hast kill'd him thyself in a Frolick: Don't believe thou shalt escape my Vengeance; thou shalt be punished as thou deservest. Here, order this Rascal to be cut to Pieces.*

Togaltimur *doubtless,* continu'd *Saddyq, will not fail to talk to me at this Rate; and such will be the Salary of the first Lie that ever I told in my Life. But now let us see whether by telling Truth I shall be better treated by this Prince.—* O Saddyq, *let my black Horse be got ready, I*

would

[illegible] almost Affliction: It happen'd last Night that a Lady at my House desir'd the Heart and Liver of your black Horse, which I was not able to refuse her. How! could you then cut the Throat of my fine Horse to obtain the good Graces of a Lady? Truly it is then my Pleasure that an Executioner be call'd hither to do his Office.

This, said the Master of the Horse, *is the Reception which I ought to expect of the King; whether I lie or speak Truth, I am certain to lose my Life. Miserable Wretch that I am! Accursed be the Object, which by her Charms has plung'd me into my present Confusion.* While he was taken up with these melancholly Thoughts, there came a Messenger to tell him the King call'd for him: He instantly obey'd the Order, and went into the Presence, where he found his Enemy the Visier.

O Saddyq, said the King, *I would hunt to Day; go saddle my fine black Horse.* These Words struck poor *Saddyq* with a mortal Fear, who in great Confusion answer'd; *Sir, a Misfortune has happen'd to your Servant this Night; if your Majesty commands me to relate it I will obey. Well then, speak*, replies the King. *Yesterday Night*, said the Master of the Horse, *I was sitting in my Chamber, when a veil'd Lady enter'd; she sat down by me on the same Sopha, she discover'd herself, and shew'd me a Neck and Ears whose Beauty was ravishing; she gave me a thousand endearing Marks of Love, and when she had sufficiently raised my Desires, she promis'd to satisfy them, provided I would first give her the Heart and Liver of your black Horse. As desirous as I was to satisfy my Love, I answer'd without Hesitation, that I could not resolve to kill a Horse which your Majesty was so fond of. The Lady then threw her Arms about my Neck, and utter'd such passionate Expressions, that I was not able to resist her pressing Instances. I give you, Sir, an ingenuous Relation of my Adventure: I confess my Crime, and am so far from endeavouring by lying to escape the Punishment I deserve, that I come to offer up myself: There is the Sabre, and here is my Head.*

The King turn'd to the Visier, and ask'd his Advice what sort of Treatment he thought proper for *Saddyq*. *Sir*, answer'd he, transported with the being consulted on this Affair, *I am of Opinion that he ought to be burnt by a slow Fire. A Man who presumed to sacrifice to his Pleasures a Horse which you highly valu'd, is unworthy of Pardon.* *I am not of your Sentiment, Visier*, reply'd *Togaltimur*; *I think it more reasonable to pardon, than punish the first Fault.* He then address'd himself to the Master of the Horse in these Words; O Saddyq! *I admire your Sincerity, and excuse your Weakness. If I had been in your Place, I should not only have given my black Horse, but all in my Stables; the Charm was too powerful to be resisted, nor was it possible for Man to defend himself. I pardon then the Death of my black Horse, and am so well pleas'd with your telling me the Truth on this Occasion, that I order a Robe of Honour to be brought for you immediately.*

[illegible] the other *Dangrumrai* law, that instead of punishing the Master of the Horse, he rewarded, and that his Daughter had instead prostituted herself to serve his Hate, he grew so extreamly melancholy that he fell sick, and a few Days after died, and the fortunate *Saddyq* was chosen to supply his Place.

Custom-House, New-York, Sept. 14. *Inward Entries* None. *Cleared out*, Penisston for Barbadoes. *Entered outwards*, Schermerhorn to Boston, Kiersted to Curaçoa, Thurkettle to Jamaica.

PHILADELPHIA, *September* 17.

By the Post last Night we have Advice from Boston That Governor *Belcher* has been to meet the Assembly of his other Government of *New-Hampshire*. His Speech to them being of an uncommon Length, cannot be inserted this Week; but we shall give our Readers the most material Paragraph in it, with the Assembly's Answer to each Paragraph, and his Reply.

After giving Thanks to God for his own safe Arrival and reminding the People of their extraordinary Happiness in living under the Reign of one of the best of Kings, He says,

'I have it in command from the King my Master to communicate to you his 32d Instruction to me, wherein he expects you settle a Salary on Me and my Successors or at least on Me during the whole Time of my Government; an authentick Copy of this Instruction shall be delivered you by the Clerk of the Council; and as you have already distinguished your selves by your Loyalty and Obedience to the King on this Head, it leaves me no Room to doubt of your Wisdom and Care still to secure a stronger Interest in the King's Favour, by a chearful Compliance with what in his Royal Wisdom he thinks Just and Reasonable.

That Assembly, which had comply'd with *Burnet's* Demands in every particular, and were never known before to think any Thing unsuitable that their Superiors required of them, make the following Answer to this Paragraph,

We received a Copy of your Excellency's 32d Instruction, and as we ever exerted our selves to the utmost of our Abilities, and often beyond, what has been thought honourable, for other Governments, in order to afford an honourable Support to this his Majesty's Government, so hope we still shall distinguish ourselves in our Loyalty and Obedience to all his Majesty's Commands. As to a Settlement of a Salary according to his Majesty's Instructions: We have to say, That the Sum therein mentioned is Extraordinary; We being a small and generally poor People, and especially considering the Incroachments of our Neighbours, and the Stagnation of our Trade, for want of a Medium to carry it on. However, we hope his Majesty, (who being unacquainted with our Circumstances, hath given your Excellency this extraordinary Instruction) hath not injoined it on your Excellency, as an Order not to receive such Sums as this House shall from Time to Time Vote: Which we assure your Excelleney shall rather exceed, than fall short of our Abilities.

To this the Governor Replies.

Gentlemen,

'As to his Majesty's 32d Instruction for settling a Salary on Me during my Administration, I do assure you I should with Pleasure and Satisfaction have received the King's Royal Leave for my Support, as has been usual in this Province. Nor was I wanting to solicit that it might be done in that Way, yet His Majesty has finally ordered it should be done in the Manner I have laid before you; and has further commanded and enjoined me in the following Words; "It is our Express Will and Pleasure, "That you do not give your Assent to any Act in Our "said Province of New-Hampshire under your Government, for Granting of Money to you our Governor or "Commander in chief, except the Salary of *Two Hundred* "*Pounds per Annum*, as directed in our 32d Instruction." This being the Case, *Gentlemen*, Neither must, nor dare I receive my Support from you so far as to deviate from its being settled on me during the whole Time of my Government. As you are my Brethren, and my Interest is blended with yours, I hope we shall conspire together for establishing our Selves still more firmly in his Majesty's Grace and Favour, by a chearful Obedience to what in his

his Royal Wiſdom he thinks ſo reaſonable, and this will be the Way to lengthen out your Tranquillity, to promote which I ſhall gladly employ every Opportunity may fall in my Power. J. BELCHER.

Governor *Belcher* was to meet the Aſſembly of the *Maſſachuſſets* on the 9th Inſtant, ſo that we ſhall probably have his Speech to them and their Anſwer by the next Poſt.

The Aſſembly of *New-Hampſhire* had ſettled the Salary, before the Poſt came away; it is 200 *l. Sterl.*

Sunday laſt died of a Flux at *Newtown* in *Cheſter* Connty *Philip Rhyddarch* in the 102d Year of his Age. He was born in *Caermarthenſhire* in *South-Wales*, and came into *Pennſylvania* about 40 Years ago. He was a Man of a peaceable Diſpoſition, very religious, and remarkable for his Temperance, having never been overcome with Drink during his whole Life. He has left behind him living, ſix Children, 35 Grandchildren, and 48 Great-grandchildren.

Cuſtom-Houſe, Philadelphia, Entred inwards.

Sloop Frances, Benjamin Butterfield, from Turks-Iſland.
Scooner Judith and Rebecca, John Clark, from N.-York.
Brigt. Peggy, Ellis Davis, from Maryland.

Entred outwards.

Ship Thiſtle, Colen Dunlop, for Maryland.
---- Diamond, John Hopkins, for Barbadoes.
Brigt. Swan, Alexander Downing, for Madera.
Sloop Charming Betty, William Burroughs, for Cape Fear.

Cleared out.

Sloop Pellican, Solomon Coleman, to Rh-Iſland.
------ Hibernia, William Glover, to Madera.
Snow Port Glaſgow, David Blair, to Maryland.

Buried in the ſeveral Burying-Grounds of this City the Week paſt.

Church - - - - - -	2.	Baptiſts - - - - - - - - -		1.
Quakers - - - - -	1.	Strangers,	Whites - -	1.
Presbyterians - - -	0.		Blacks - - -	1.

Advertiſements.

RUN away on the 14th of this Inſtant, from the ſeveral Perſons following, being Reſidents in *Philadelphia*: the ſeveral Servants herein after named and deſcribed, *viz.* FROM *Nicholas Rogers* one named *Nicholas Mac Donnell*, an Iriſhman, by Trade a Baker, of middle Stature, well ſett, aged Twenty-three Years or thereabouts, bald on the Top of his Head occaſion'd by a Scald: *Apparel*, a light-colour'd old Drugget Coat, Jacket and Breeches of broad ſtriped Linen, a light-colour'd Wig, or a Cap. FROM *Thomas Lindley*, one named *John Roe*, aged about 24 Years, by Trade a Smith, a luſty well-ſet Fellow, pale Complexion, high Noſe, and heavy-ey'd: *Apparel*, a dark colour'd drugget Coat, plain without Pockets, and full ſhort; new ozenbrigs Jacket and Breeches, a new Carolina Hat, and a Wig or Cap; he took with him a Gun. FROM *Thomas Hart*, one named *Thomas Grigg*, by Trade a Maſon, aged 17 or 18 Years, his Eyes are red and watry, and he has no Hair: *Apparel*, a brown Coat new faſhion'd with braſs Buttons, a homeſpun ſtriped Jacket and Breeches, white yarn Stockings. FROM *Eſther Lowdon*, one named *Mark Woods*, aged about 24 Years, a pretended Bricklayer, of ſhort Srature, round-ſhoulder'd, the little Finger of his left Hand crooked, and has no Hair: *Apparel*, a dark colour'd faſhionable Coat, a homeſpun ſmall ſtriped Jacket and Breeches, and homeſpun Shirt. FROM *John Hart*, one named *Garret White*, aged about 22 Years, a ſhort thick well-ſet Fellow, ſhort black Hair, and is hollow ey'd: *Apparel*, a light South-ſea green Broad Cloth Coat, felt Hat, white pluſh Breeches, dark worſted Stockings, and good Shoes. Whoever ſhall ſecure the ſaid Servants, or any of them, for each ſhall receive *Forty Shillings* Reward, and reaſonable Charges paid by us *Nicholas Rogers, Thomas Lindley, Thomas Hart, Eſther Lowdon, John Hart.*

WHEREAS laſt Night the Cuſtom-Houſe Boat, lying at Vining's Wharff, had her Bulk Head of her Fore-caſtle tore off, and her Cieling broke to Pieces: Whoever will diſcover the Perſon or Perſons that did the ſame, ſo that they may be convicted thereof, ſhall have *Five Pounds* Reward paid by

JOHN MOORE, Coll.

JOHN Hyndſhaw Bookſeller and Bookbinder, at the Sign of the *Two Bibles*, who kept Shop in *Market-ſtreet* over againſt the Presbyterian Meeting houſe, is now removed to *Second ſtreet*, next Door to *Joſeph Noble*, Cutler; where he continues to bind any Sort of Books, and to ſell at the loweſt Prices Bibles and Teſtaments of ſeveral Sorts, Pſalters, Pſalm-books, Accompt-books, Pocket-books, Spelling-books, Primers, Horn-books, *Mather's* Young Man's Companion, The Trader's Companion; with Variety of other Books, Bills of Lading bound or unbound, Common-bonds for Money, Arbitration-bonds, Powers of Attorney, Indentures, Bills of Sale, Paper, Pens, Ink, Sealing-Wax, Wafers, Pencils, and ſundry Sorts of Merchants Goods.

RUN away from *John Lloyd* of *Philadelphia*, a Servant Man named *Joſeph Dalloway*, middle ſized, well-ſet, dark Hair a little curl'd, about 35 Years of Age, a Blackſmith by Trade. He had on a Kerſey Coat with Breeches of the ſame, a ſtrip'd Ticken Jacket, grey Yarn Stockings, Garlix Shirt, and a coarſe Shirt, 1 Fine Hat, and the other a Felt, Leather heel'd Shoes. It is ſuppoſed he is gone towards *Mimyſinks* or *Sopus* in *York* Government. Whoever ſecures the ſaid Runaway, ſo that his Maſter may have him again, ſhall have *Thirty Shillings* Reward, and reaſonable Charges paid, by

Sept. 8, 1730. *John Lloyd.*

RUn away from *William Anderſon* of *Whitemarſh*, near Juſtice *Farmer's*, a Servant Man named *Owen O Dorolly*, an Iriſhman, aged about 26 Years, a broad well-ſet Man, bow-legged, a great Boaſter and Lyar, and full of Talk; when he walks, his Head leans to one ſide; black Hair but wears a white Wig: has a brown cloth Coat, a light-colour'd cloth Jacket, Shirt and Breeches of ozenbrigs, a pair of white Stockings, and a pair blue grey. He profeſſes to be a Brickmaker and a Maſon. Whoever ſecures the ſaid Servant, and gives Notice ſo that his Maſter may have him again, ſhall have *Fifty Shillings* Reward, and reaſonable Charges paid, by *William Anderſon.*

LAtely imported from *London*, by *John Le*, and are to be ſold by him at the loweſt Prices, at his Shop in *Market-ſtreet*, over againſt the *Presbyterian* Meeting-houſe, next Door to *William Stapler*, Tin-man, in *Philadelphia*, theſe Goods following, &c.

Silver Watches. Callicoes, divers ſorts. Sheeting Hollands, and ſeveral ſorts of Sheeting Linen: ſeveral ſorts of Diapers and Table-cloths: ſtrip'd Holland; and Jack Linen of ſeveral ſorts: and ſeveral ſorts of Briſtol Shalloons, Sherloes, Cherryderries, and Seerſuckers: ſeveral ſorts of Cambrics, Mantua Silks and Graſſets: Beryllan, and plain Callimanco, Crapes and Stuffs: Men's dyed ſhammie Gloves, Women's ditto, *Lamb: Thread and Silk, Braden for Stays, Twiſt for Women: Silk Perſian, Ribbons, and double Spaniſh Ribbons: Four Thread, double and twiſted knit Thread Stockings of ſeveral ſorts: Mens white ſhammie Gloves; ſilk Handkerchiefs, and white Silk-muſlin, and other ſorts of Handkerchiefs: Mens glaz'd and topp'd Gloves: Mens Bath-metal Shoe-buckles, and other ſorts: Masks for Women: ſeveral ſorts of Penknives, fine Ivory Caſe-knives, and other Sorts, with Pocket-knives: Plain metal Buttons for Mens Coats and Jackets: Dowlaſſes, ſeveral ſorts: Huckabags, and Ruſſia Linens; Oznaburghs: ſeveral ſorts of Looking-glaſſes: Garlicks and brown Holland, Bag-holland,* ditto: *ſeveral ſorts of Druggets, fine Kerſeys, ſuperfine double-mill'd Drab, ſuperfine Broad-cloths, London Shalloons, Scotch Plads: fine and coarſe Hats: Men and Womens Engliſh Shoes: Stockings, ſeveral ſorts, for Men, Women and Children, ſcarlet with Clocks; ſeveral ſorts of Caps; Womens Bonnets; ſeveral ſorts of Laces, and Stay-Tapes: ſeveral ſorts of Horn and Ivory Combs, Comb-bruſhes: ſeveral ſorts of Inkhorns; braſs Spurs Whips of ſeveral Sorts: fine Shell, and other ſorts of Snuff-boxes; ſteel Tobacco-boxes; Butchers Steels with Ivory Handles, and ſteel Snuffers: Gunpowder, Shot and Flints: Quarto Bibles of a good Print, with an Index and claſp'd, and ſeveral other ſorts of Bibles; Common-Prayers with the new Verſion; Pocket-books and Letter-Caſes: Paper: ſeveral ſorts of checquered Linen; Flannels and Durrys: Scots-ſnuff. With ſundry ſorts of Goods not here mentioned.* To be LET by the above Perſon, two new very good Rooms, *Enquire of him and know further.* *Sept.* 10, 1730.

PHILADELPHIA: Printed by *B. Franklin* and *H. Meredith*, at the *New Printing-Office* near the Market, where Advertiſements are taken in, and all Perſons may be ſupplied with this Paper, at *Ten Shillings* a Year.